

LADIES MUSEUM.

VOL. 1.

"BLENDING THE USEFUL WITH THE SWEET."

NO. 9.

PROVIDENCE, (R. I.) SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1825.

LADIES MUSEUM.

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Miscellany.

[ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.]

Mr. MAXCY—The following piece was written by a young Miss, sometime since, to whom the subject of *Friendship* was given by her Preceptress for a specimen of composition, and exhibited among others at the Academy in P——, with approbation. The extreme youth of the writer, in my view, gives it merit. Should it be worthy of a column in your interesting Museum, you are welcome to it. S.

A FUGITIVE THOUGHT ON FRIENDSHIP.

Can youth and inexperience produce any thing new on a subject which has been illustrated and exhausted, in all its varieties, by the most able pens? A knowledge of any theme for composition, which can only be derived from the example or precept of others, would enable us to give little more than a recapitulation of their maxims or ideas; and if we adopt the theories of romantic writers, we cannot be sure that they will bear the test of experiment; a partial knowledge from our own experience gives but the evidence on one side, as he who has never suffered the evils of poverty can not describe to us the blessings of wealth; it is therefore a thorough acquaintance with our subject, seldom obtained but by hard experience, that gives us one of the first and most necessary requisites for composition. This being admitted, how is youth to portray the delights of friendship, who never knew the treachery of friends, whose presence is attended with smiles, and whose absence with tears, whom professions of esteem await and benediction follow, and before whom the whole beauties of creation are opened, blooming in one perpetual May?

The cyric, whom disappointment has soured with the world, and whose brow is clouded with melancholy and care, tells us that the most fragrant flowers which adorn our path are displayed but to conceal the thorns that lurk beneath, but we suspect he would palm on us the effect of his own indiscretions for the natural result of a rational pursuit of happiness. Our judgment must follow our own experience; and when all around us appears delightful,

when the disappointments of the day are like the passing breeze, we may forget that the season of youth is short; but how are we to believe what has been taught by the experience of others; that every thing before us receives a false coloring from a youthful imagination; and that all our beautiful air-built castles will vanish like the illusions of a dream before the sun? All this, to us, is mystery. Can envy, and malice, and treachery be excited by innocence? Surely the smiles of benevolence and kindness are extended to all those who have no desire to injure others. We must be injured before we attempt to injure. Such an effect must be the result of such a cause. We confess that we are inclined to follow the suggestions of our own minds, which are not at all times the result of our better judgment, but rather in connection with our hopes and wishes, yet conscious of the integrity of our intentions and of our unwillingness to wound the peace of others, we do not believe that human nature is as frail as is represented. It is admitted that experience is the safest teacher; and our own tells us that all around us is friendship and happiness; and if we continue to practice the golden rule from heaven, in our conduct to others, (and our hopes rest wholly on this,) who shall dispute our title to the claim for a continuance of these blessings but he that gave them?

THE STUDENT IN LOVE.

It was on one of those cold, cheerless, and solitary autumn days, which every one remembers with a solemn countenance, in which the sky was covered with dull, grey clouds, and the winds blew, and blew, and blew, from that endless fountain of mist and storm, the lowering east, and the rain came pattering down in all the monotonousness of a long storm, that a stranger dismounted from his horse at Mr. Archer's gateway, and approached, with measured pace, the old stone mansion which stood in ancient simplicity and strength, at the lane end, the residence of that worthy gentleman and his interesting family. The long thin face and plodding step of the stranger bespoke him a student, on travel to recruit his health, worn thread-bare by the long summer days of studious application through which he had passed. And so he proved to be. Though ere his name was announced, or his letters of introduction produced, the old servant, in obedience to the standing rule of the country, had unsaddled his horse, and led him to a comfortable repast in the barn.

No one who has not wandered far enough from the confines of the city to be a stranger, and alone in a strange country, can realize the comfort and happiness that, on a day like the one we have described, springs up in the heart at the reception the traveler meets with at the farmer's fire-side; even before he is invited he feels himself a welcome guest, for the servant, who comes cheerfully forward, takes his horse by the bridle, and tells him he will put him

up; then the master of the house greets him with an open hand and a pleasant face, and leads him to a warm and comfortable seat by the clean fire-side—and the family bid him such a cordial welcome—no parade, no sickening ceremonies, no scrapes and bows, and formal introductions, but the frank, open-hearted invitation to "make yourself at home," so given as to force you to believe and feel that you are indeed at home. Such was the reception of our young gentleman, whose face gradually relaxed its severity while he sat amidst the family group, and warmed and dried himself, and sipped a glass of prime cider, and cast a glance alternately at Mr. Archer, who sat opposite, perusing his letters of introduction, and at his two beautiful daughters, who were engaged at the table with their needles.

The stranger had brought such credentials as secured him the warm hospitality of the family, in whose mansion he became, for the time, a resident, and partook in all the innocent amusements which tend to throw a peculiar charm over the leisure hours of a summer in the country. Towards the young ladies, his deportment was somewhat reserved; and as this was attributed to his secluded habits, rather than to any natural timidity, they were only the more anxious by their kind and familiar attention, to render his situation agreeable and pleasant, and when the period which put a limit to his visit arrived, he left the mansion, and returned to his home and the duties of his profession.

But precisely the same circumstances sometimes originate far different impressions in different minds. Our young student had fallen violently in love with the youngest of Mr. Archer's daughters, and sure he was that he had ample testimony of the attachment being returned; while, on the other hand, the sisters, in common with all the family, regarded their late guest as a friend—but simply as a friend.

Plodding on his weary way, Wilton (for that was the name of our hero) sent many a longing thought to the scene of his summer ramble, and formed a thousand resolves about the future prosecution of his attachment, when, one day, happening to pick up a country paper that had strayed into the office, he read the astounding intelligence, that Matilda Archer was married! His head dropped upon his hand, and his heart beat with tremendous violence for full thirty minutes; and as he regained self-possession, he lost at once all fortitude and reason. The first thing he thought of was shooting himself outright; the second, writing a desperate letter to the faithless girl; and the third was to arm himself with a letter and pistol, and post in person to Mr. Archer's, accuse his frail mistress of her perfidy, and blow out his brains in her presence.

The last plan was put in course of execution.—Down he posted like a mad man; and, having arrived at the gateway, he dismounted, (forgot to tie his horse, who very quietly turned his head homeward,

Jonathan H. Spencer

and walked off,) and entered the parlor, bespattered as he was with dirt, his hair standing on end, and his right hand firmly grasping his pistol. The first face he met was that of his fair tormentor: "So, madam, (said he, fiercely,) you are married?" "Me, (said the astonished girl,) why Mr. Wilton, I am not married, it is my sister!" "By heavens, (returned the student, as the recollection flashed upon his mind,) I have made a mistake in the name!" The poor fellow's acquaintance had been of so particular a kind that he had really forgotten Mr. Archer's youngest daughter bore the sweet name of *Julia*.

I never heard the remainder of the story—but it always comes into my mind when I read of a breach of promise of marriage, or learn that one of my acquaintance has been jilted in a courtship. These matters, it seems to me, cannot be well done, when they turn out as they sometimes do.

ISADORE.

In the church-yard of * * *, there is a grave covered with a plain slab of white marble, with no other inscription than "ISADORE D'ERILLO, aged nineteen." These few words speak histories to the heart; they tell of a beautiful flower withered, far from its accustomed soil, in the spring day of its blossom; they tell the fate of a young and unhappy stranger, dying in a foreign country remote from every early association, her last moments unsoothed by affectionate solicitude; no tender voice, whose lightest sound breathed happy memories; no eye of fondness on which the fainting mourner might look for sympathy—her very ashes separated from their native earth.

"Might I not fancy myself a hero of fiction?" said Colonel Fitzallan, bending gracefully as he caught the small snow-white hand which had just arranged his sling: "fair lady, henceforth I vow myself your true and loyal knight, and thus pledge my heart's first homage!" pressing the yielding fingers gently to his lips. Alas, thought Isadore, while those eloquent interpreters of the feelings, a blush, sigh and smile, mingled together; he loves not passionately as I love, or he could not trifle thus; a light compliment was never yet breathed by love. Isadore was at that age when the deeper tenderness of woman first deepens the gaiety of childhood, like the richer tint that dyes the rose as it expands into summer loveliness. Adored by her father, for she had her mother's voice and look, and came a sweet remembrancer of his youth's sole-warm dream of happiness, of that love whose joy departed ere it knew one cloud of care, or one sting of sorrow; a word of anger seemed to Don Fernando a sacrilege against the dead, and his own melancholy constancy gave a reality to the romantic imaginations of his child. She now loved Fitzallan with all the fervor of first excited attachment; she had known him under circumstances most affecting, when the energies and softer feelings of woman were alike called forth; when the proud and fearless soldier became dependent on her he had protected; laid on the bed of sickness; far from the affectionate hands that would have smoothed, the tender eyes that would have wept over his pillow.—Isadore became his nurse, soothed with unremitting care the solitude and weariness of a sick room; and when again able to bear the fresh air of heaven, her

arm was the support of her too interesting patient. With Fitzallan the day of romance was over; a man above thirty cannot enter into the wild visions of an enthusiastic girl; flattered by the attachment which Isadore's every look betrayed, he trifled with her, regardless or thoughtless of the young and innocent heart that confided so fearlessly. Love has no power to look forward; the delicious consciousness of the present, a faint but delightful shadow of the past, form its eternity; the possibility of separation never entered the mind of his Spanish love, till Fitzallan's instant return to England became necessary. They parted with all those gentle vows which are such sweet anchors for hope to rest on in absence—but, alas, such frail ones. For a time her English lover wrote very regularly. That philosopher knew the human heart, who said, "I would separate from my mistress for the sake of writing to her." A word, a look, may be forgotten; but a letter is a lasting memorial of affection. The correspondence soon slackened on his part. Isadore, tending the last moments of a beloved parent, had not one thought for self; but when that father's eyes were closed, and her tears had fallen on the grave of the companion of her infancy, the orphan looked round for comfort, for consolation, and felt, for the first time, her loneliness and the sickness of hope deferred. Fear succeeded expectation; fear, not for his fidelity but for his safety. Was he again laid on the bed of sickness, and Isadore far away? She dwelt on this idea till it became a present reality; suspense was agony. At length she resolved on visiting England. She sailed, and after a quick voyage, reached the land; a wanderer, seeking for happiness, which, like the shadow thrown by the lily on the water, still eludes the grasp. It was not thus in the groves of Arragon, she looked forward to the British shore; it was then the promised home of a beloved and happy bride. The day after her arrival in London she drove to her agent's, (for her father, during the troubles in Spain, had secured some property in the English funds,) hoping from him to gain some intelligence of the Colonel. Passing through a very crowded street, her coach becoming entangled in the press, occasioned a short stoppage. Gazing round in that mood, when, anxious to escape the impressions within, the eye involuntarily seeks for others without, her attention became attracted to an elegant equipage. Could she be mistaken?—never in that form—it was surely *Fitzallan*! Well she remembered that graceful bend, that air of protection with which he supported his companion. The agitated Spaniard just caught a glimpse of her slight and delicate figure, of eyes blue as a spring sky, of a cheek of sunset; and, ere her surprise allowed the power of movement, the carriage was out of sight. Her entreaties to be allowed to alight, being only attributed to fear, were answered by assurances that she was safe. Gradually becoming more composed, she bade the coachman enquire who lived in the house opposite—it was the name she longed to hear—*Colonel Fitzallan*.—She returned home, and with a tremulous hand traced a few lines, telling him how she had wept his silence, and entreating him to come and say she was still his own *Isadore*. The evening passed drearily away; every step made the color flush her cheek;

but he came not. Was he indispensably engaged? Had he not received her note?—Any supposition but intentional delay. The next morning the same fervid anxiety oppressed her: at length she heard the door open, and, springing to the window, she caught sight of a military man; she heard his step on the stairs, a gentleman entered, but it was not Fitzallan! Too soon she learnt his mission: he whom she had so loved, so trusted, had wedded another; the lady she saw the day before was his wife; and unwilling to meet her himself, he had charged a friend to communicate the fatal intelligence. Edward B*** gazed with enthusiastic admiration on the beautiful creature, whose pale lip, and scalding tears, which forced their way through the long dark eye-lashes, belied the firmness her woman's pride taught her to assume. Shame, deep shame, thought he, on the cold, the mercenary spirit which could thus turn the warm feelings of a fond and trusting girl into poisoned arrows, could thus embitter the first sweet flow of affection. He took her hand in silence; he felt that consolation in a case of this kind was but mockery. They parted, the one to despair over the expired embers, the other to nurse the first sparkles of hope. The next morning, scarcely aware what he was doing, or of the motive which actuated him—(for who seeks to analyze love's earliest sensations?)—Edward sought the abode of the interesting stranger.—He found her with Colonel Fitzallan's solicitor; that gentleman, suspicious of the warm feeling evinced by his friend for the fair Spaniard, had employed a professional man; for he was well aware that the letters he had written would give Isadore strong claims upon him. He arrived at the moment when she first comprehended that her lover's reason for wishing his letters restored, originated in his fear of a legal use being made of them. Her dark eyes flashed fire, her cheek burnt with emotion, her heart-beat became audible, as she hastily caught the letters, and threw them into the flames. "You have performed your mission," exclaimed she; "leave the room instantly." Her force was now exhausted, she sunk back on the sofa. The tender assiduities of Edward at length restored her to some degree of composure. It was luxury to have her feelings entered into; to share sorrow is to soothe it. She told him of hopes blighted forever, of wounded affection; of the heart sickness which had paled her cheek, and worn to a shadow her once symmetrical form. She had in her hand a few withered leaves. "It is," said she "the image of my fate; the rose fell from my hair one evening; Fitzallan placed it in his bosom; by moonlight I found it thrown aside, it was faded, but to me it was precious from even that momentary caress; I have to this day cherished it. Are not our destinies told by this flower? His was the bloom, the sweetness of love; my part was the dead, scentless leaves." Edward now became her constant companion; she found in him a kind and affectionate brother. At length he spoke of love. Isadore replied, by throwing back her long dark hair with a hand whose dazzling whiteness was all that remained of its former beauty, and bade him look on her pale and faded countenance, and there seek his answer. "Yes, I shall wed, but my bridal wreath will be cypress, my bed the grave, my spouse the hungry worm!" Ed-

ward gazed on her face, and read conviction ; but still his heart clung to her with all the devotedness of love, which hopes even in despair, and, amid the wreck of every promise of happiness, grasps even at the unstable wave. One evening she leaned by a window, gazing fixedly on the glowing sky of a summer sunset ; the rich color of her cheek, which reflected the carnation of the west, the intense light of her soft but radiant black eyes, excited almost hope ; could the hand of death be on what was so beautiful ? For the first time she asked for her lute ; hitherto she had shrunk from the sound of music ; Fitzallan had loved it ; to her it was the knell of departed love. She waked a few wild and melancholy notes. 'These sounds,' sighed she, 'are to me fraught with tender recollections ; it is the vesper hymn of my own country.' She mingled her voice with the tones, so faint, so sad, but so sweet, it was like the song of a spirit as the concluding murmur died away. She sunk back exhausted ; Edward, for a while, supported her head on his shoulder ; at length he parted the thick curls from off her face, and timidly pressed her lips—he started from their thrilling touch—it was his last kiss—Isadore had expired in his arms !

A BENEFICIAL JOURNEY.

Dr. Sydenham had a patient whom he had long prescribed for ; but his prescriptions were inefficient, and, at last, Sydenham acknowledged that his skill was exhausted ; that he could not pretend to advise him any farther. 'But,' said he, 'there is a Dr. Robinson, who lives at Inverness, who is much more skilled in complaints of this kind than I am ; you had better consult him. I will provide you with a letter of introduction, and I hope you will return much better.' The patient was a man of fortune, and soon took the road ; but travelling was a very different undertaking then, from what it is now, and a journey from London to Inverness was not a trifling one. He arrived, however, at the place of destination ; but no Dr. Robinson was to be found, nor had any one of that name ever been in the town ! This, of course, enraged the gentleman very much ; and he took the road back to London, raging, and vowing vengeance on the Doctor. On his arrival, he vented all his rage on the latter, and abused him for sending him a journey of so many miles for nothing. When his fury was a little abated, 'Well, now,' said Sydenham, 'after all, is your health any better ?' 'Better !' said he ; 'yes, sir, it is better. I am, sir, as well as I ever was in my life : but no thanks to you for that.' 'Well,' said Sydenham, 'you have still reason to thank Dr. Robinson. I wanted to send you a journey, with an object in view. I knew it would do you good ; in going, you had Dr. Robinson in contemplation, and in returning, you were equally busy in thinking of scolding me.'

SMALL MISTAKES.

As a Minister and Lawyer were riding together, says the Minister to the Lawyer, sir, do you ever make mistakes in pleading ? I do, said the Lawyer. And what do you do with mistakes ? said the Minister. Why, sir, if large ones, I mend them ; if small ones, I let them go, said the Lawyer. And, pray, sir, continued he, did you ever make mistakes

in preaching ? Yes, sir, said the Minister, I have. And what do you do with mistakes ? said the Lawyer. Why, sir, I dispense with them much in the same way you just observed ; I rectify large ones and neglect small ones. Not long since, continued he, as I was preaching, I meant to observe that the Devil was the father of *liars*, but mistook, and said *lawyers*, but the mistake was so small I let it go.



POETRY.

[SELECTED FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.]

DEPARTURE OF GENERAL LA FAYETTE.

And wilt thou go ? Then fare-thee-well !
Thou great and good—exalted man,
Whose worth all human voices tell ;
Whose virtues bloomed when life began.

Nay, chieftain, shrink not from our praise ;
It flows from fountains free and pure ;
Our gratitude the tribute pays,
And love as strong as heaven is sure.

Fly to thy bright and blooming France !
Yet, think—ah, think, all silently,
When gliding o'er the vast expanse,
What beating hearts are blessing thee !

Then to thy couch—in safety rest ;
For vainly winds and waves contend ;
Jehovah hath thy slumbers blest,
Approved thy work—and is thy friend.

We give thee all that thou couldst claim ;
We give thee all that God has given ;
Upon our hearts we write thy name,
And hope to meet our Friend in Heaven.
BOSTON BARD.

A PARODY.

THE DRUNKARD TO HIS BOWL.

Vital drop of hellish flame,
Enter quick this mortal frame ;
Trembling, reeling, belching, thinking—
Oh, the pain, the bliss of drinking.
Haste, sweet brandy, down my throat,
Nor let me languish for a *bloat*.
Hark ! they whisper ! Tipplers say :
Brandy ! Spirits ! come this way.

What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, dims my sight,
Drowns my sorrows, gives me spunk—
Tell me, my bowl, can I be drunk ?
The room goes round—each thing appears
With wrong end upwards—and my ears
Sweet sounds satanic catch ;
Lend, lend your arms ! I reel ! I die !
Oh, Rum, here is thy victory ;
Oh, Grog, where is thy match ?

THE INCONSTANT LOVER.

Love says thy cheek is like the rose,
As brilliant as the sun thine eye !
Love says thy speech, like music flows,
Thy form with Venus's might vie :

In short, in mind, and form, and face,
Love says thou art almost perfection ;
And e'en in thy defects can trace
A something which must win affection.

But love is gone ! and now I fear
That love was much deceived in thee,
Or sure thy charms to me appear
Less brilliant than they used to be.

Thy face is fair enough, I own ;
Thy eye, thy form, do very well ;
But then I could, at least, name ONE,
Who doth thy every charm excel.

AUTUMN.

The Summer age has passed away ;
The waters blacken in the rills ;
The leaves are falling—and decay
Hath stretched her pall upon the hills :
The earth seems in the yellow leaf,
The blossoms from her plains have gone ;
The fairy Summer—oh, so brief ;
How quickly it has hurried on !

But, readers, ponder, as ye fly
So rapidly with time along,
And tell me—where is yesterday ?
The business of its giddy throng ?
The hopes that ye had cherished then ?
The visions which ye thought were fair ?
Those visions, shall ye see again ?
No : they are waisted in the air. P.

THE WISH.

I've often wished some peaceful scene,
Secluded from the world, was mine ;
Embowered in spring's delightful green,
And shaded by the spreading vine—
Where the dark strife of busy men
Should never break upon my ear,
Nor I be ever doomed again,
The voice of rank deceit to hear.

Oh, nature ! nursed amid thy wild
Green solitudes, o'er dale and hill
I roamed at first thy wayward child,
And loved thee—as I love thee still.
Dear was, to me, the woodland shade,
The sunny mead and winding stream ;
And dear the beauteous mountain maid,
Where image warmed my early dream—

My early dream of life among
The green hills where I had my birth,
Where every hope that round me clung—
Each visioned form of heaven or earth
Was bright, was beautiful—and far
Slumbered the tempest clouds of wrath
That since have quenched the last dim star
Which sparkled in my rayless path.

Yes, Hope, the rainbow of the soul,
That circles with its arch sublime
The space between us and our goal,
Gilding at first the sands of time—
I found it melt away in tears
That fell upon the heart like snow
Before the withering breath of years,
Marked all with vanity below.

And I would turn—oh, I would turn,
And dwell from all the world apart—
Ne'er should its mocking treacheries burn
Again upon my trusting heart—
And I would bury and forget
Each worldly ill—each blighting wrong,
Nor bear them on my memory yet,
Nor breathe them in my rustic song.

Oh, that some calm, some peaceful scene,
Secluded from the world, were mine,
Embowered in spring's delightful green,
And shaded by the spreading vine—
Where the dark strife of busy men
Should never break upon my ear,
Nor I be ever doomed again
The voice of rank deceit to hear.

P.

THE ORPHAN BOY.

And must I always live alone,
A poor, unfriended Orphan Boy?
And never call one heart my own,
ONE that alone can give me joy?

Not always live alone,
I soon shall sink to rest,
My name shall be unknown,
My spirit will be blest.

M. C.

SINGLE BLESSEDNESS.

Let no repugnance to a single state,
Lead to an union with a worthless mate;
Although 'tis true you'll find full many a fool
Would make Old Maids the butts of ridicule,
A single Lady, though advanced in life,
Is much more happy than an ill-matched Wife.

LADIES MUSEUM.

PROVIDENCE, SATURDAY, SEPT. 24, 1825.

A WILD MAN

Has lately been found in the midst of the woods and mountains of Hurlswald, in Bohemia, who, it is presumed, must have been there from his infancy.—He appeared to be about thirty years of age, but could not articulate a single word. 'He bellows, or rather he howls, his voice being like that of a dog.—He runs on all-fours, and the moment he perceives a human being he clambers to the top of a tree like and ape, and jumps from branch to branch with surprising agility. When he sees a bird or other game he pursues it, almost always with success. He has been carried to Prague, but all attempts to tame him have been fruitless; indeed, he appears, it is stated, incapable of acquiring the habits of civilized life.'

LAMENTABLE OCCURRENCE.

A melancholy affair (says the American of yesterday) occurred on the west side of the river in this town, at about 9 o'clock, on Tuesday evening. Jonathan Gray, son of Mr. Thomas Gray, of Little-Compton, aged about 17 years, in company with two other lads, trespassed on the grounds of Mr. John Field, for the purpose of gathering Peaches. While standing under the tree, young Gray received several wounds from the discharge of a musket, loaded with duck shot, and fired by Albert S. Field, aged about 22 years, son of the owner of the garden. The unfortunate youth immediately fell to the earth, mortally wounded—and died in about 5 hours. Field was arrested on Wednesday morning, on a warrant issued by Mr. Justice Rivers—was examined by a Court of Justices, and committed for trial before the Supreme Court of the State, which is now sitting in this town. On Thursday, the case was presented to the Grand Jury, who returned a bill of indictment against the accused for *murder*. He was subsequently arraigned, and pleaded not guilty to the charge, when the trial of the Indictment was ordered to be continued till the next Term of the Court, to be holden in this town in March next. John Whipple and Joseph L. Tillinghast, Esq's, are engaged as Counsel for the accused.

We have thought it our duty to publish these facts, which we do without a single comment, in order to prevent injurious misapprehensions abroad, and to correct erroneous impressions at home, derived from false and exaggerated statements of the affair.

SECRET WORTH KNOWING.

It is said that a spoonful of Wild Horse-Radish, dropped in a pan of Milk, will preserve the Milk sweet for several days.

KENTUCKY ETIQUETTE.

The reported murder of Mr. Clark, by a son-in-law of Governor Desha, is now said to have been only a specimen of Kentucky etiquette: biting off an ear or nose, and gouging out a pair of eyes.

WHAT NEXT?

A pair of twins in New-York, about six months old, were lately discovered, by their doating mother, to have two tongues each. We sincerely hope, for reasons which must be obvious to every discriminating mind, that these children are not females.

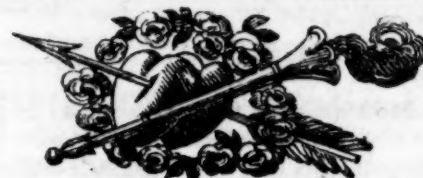
SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.

One day last week, says the Wyoming Herald, a Black Snake, measuring five feet in length, was discovered in a store in this town, stretched out on the highest shelf, surveying the proceedings of his fellow-occupants below. The seed of the woman, upon making the discovery, proceeded, *secundem artem*, to bruise his head with the tongs.

PROMISING YOUTHS.

It is stated that there are now living in Sandborn-ton, N. H. a son of Deacon Joseph Sanborn, aged 13 years, who weighs *one hundred and ninety-two pounds!* He has a sister, aged eleven years, who weighs up-

wards of *two hundred pounds!!* They are both healthy, and can bear the hot weather equal to any of the *lean kine*.



MARRIED,

In this town, on Thursday evening, by Rev. Mr. Wilson, Mr. Peter Fort, of Hartford (Con.) to Miss Celia Deming, daughter of Captain Morris Deming, of this town.

In Pawtucket, on Sunday last, Mr. Calvin P. Martin to Miss Candace Wade, both of that place.

In Middletown, on Thursday week, by Rev. Mr. Crane, Mr. Seth Doud, to Miss Cornelia Hall, daughter of Mr. Thomas Hall.

In N. Y. Stephen Cambreleng, Esq. to Miss Anne Powell.



DIED,

In this town, on Monday morning last, Mrs. Mary Sibley, aged 70 years.

On Tuesday morning, Miss Emma Graves, in the 19th year of her age, eldest daughter of the late Capt. George Graves.

On Tuesday evening last, Mr. Samuel Adams, aged 45.

On Thursday morning last, Mrs. Mary Randall, relict of Mr. Abraham Randall, of Stow, Mass. aged 70 years.

In Smithfield, on Monday last, Mr. Jonathan Angell, aged 69 years, a gentleman who through a long life, maintained the reputation of an honest, intelligent citizen, a kind neighbor, a fond and affectionate husband and an indulgent parent. Conscious of a well spent life, he met the King of Terrors with a smile, and reposing on the promises of his God, took leave of the world with complacency, leaving behind him numerous friends to lament his exit.

In Coventry, on the 16th instant, Miss Elizabeth Tiffany, aged 70.

In Boston, on Wednesday week, Mr. John Worrall, aged 42 years, late Artist of the Boston and Providence Theatres.

At Kingston, Jamaica, on the 6th of July last, Capt. Clarke Gorton, of this town, Master of the brig Robert Cochran, in his 46th year.

In Philadelphia, Lt. Wm. M. Caldwell, of the U. S. Army.

In N. Y. Frederick Hill, Esq. Counsellor at Law, formerly of Vermont, aged 72.

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